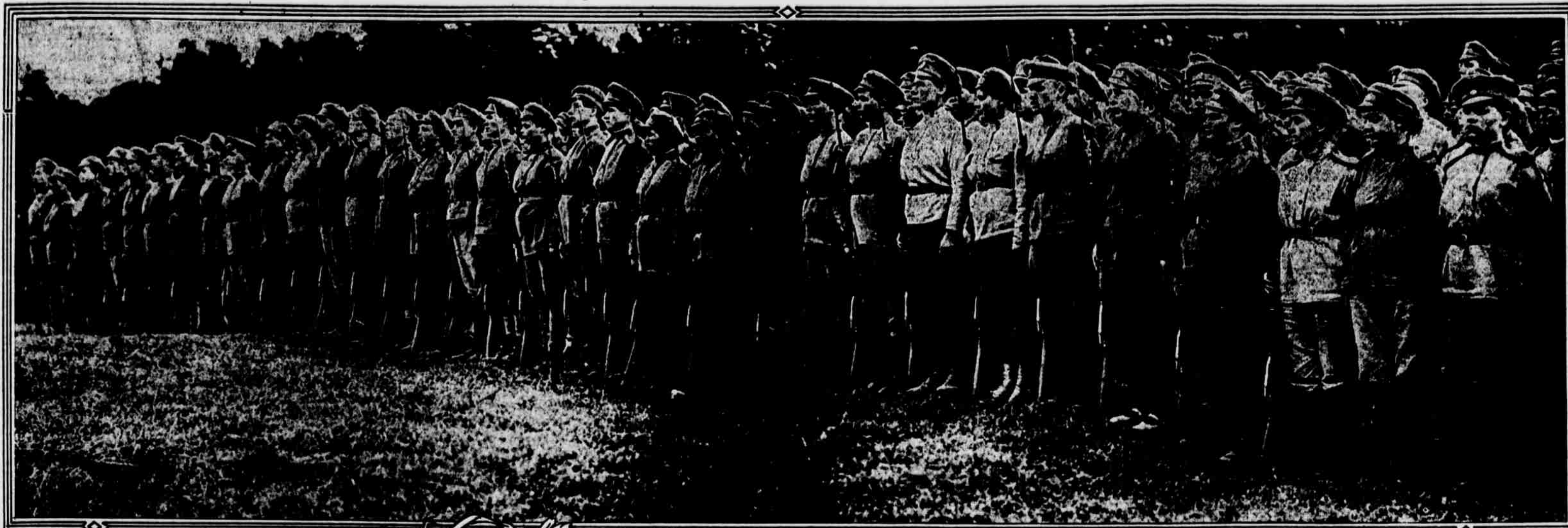


KERENSKY THE HOPE OF RUSSIA DESPITE ALL HANDICAPS



NEW REGIMENT OF RUSSIAN WOMEN MODELED AFTER THE BATTALION OF DEATH BUT WITH MEN OFFICERS, WHICH HELD THE WINTER PALACE AGAINST THE LENINE FACTION.

As Events Clear More and More Dependence Is Being Placed on the Inspired Young Leader

By EDWIN C. HILL.

"PUT your money down on Kerensky!"

Here is tremendous prophecy in six simple words. The prophet is Isaac F. Marcossow, rapid fire journalist, who is just back from Petrograd after weeks of observation among a people drunk with liberty.

He knows the man Kerensky, has the feel of his soul and genius, is convinced that Destiny, fickle jade, is enmeshed of this white faced, slim bodied, burning eyed idealist just as Destiny a century and a quarter ago fancied herself in love with such another white faced, slim bodied burning eyed youth out of Corsica.

Being a reporter of news, Marcossow harbors no illusions whatever concerning Kerensky, who, lacking the stature of a god, has failed at times to see over the heads of his people. He says that Kerensky is a hot air artist, the most wonderful hot air artist, perhaps, that the world ever saw, but that Kerensky's genius is utterly proved by his instinct in frightful crises for soothing the mob with glowing promises. Bonaparte would have planted cannon in the Kerensky Prospect to mow down fools at the beginning of things, but Kerensky knew better. Bonaparte was a stepfather of liberty; Kerensky is a son. One does not say one's own offspring with grapes.

Russians See More Clearly.
In the end it may come to machine guns and shrapnel. Marcossow thinks it likely because the hot air period is about done with. In other words, Russia's great "K" is beginning to comprehend revolutions are not completed by compassion. The hot air was essential at the beginning of things, but the day children in their undisciplined border realized with brain rocking suddenness that slaves could actually lord it over masters. Like Argimenes, they had clawed in the dirt until they found the bronze sword. In that suddenness they would have destroyed the first man, however admired, who uttered a growl of command.

But events are clearing. So many things, Marcossow thinks, are operating to provide the Tzarist with a useful perspective. Some glimmers of the horizon of the real situation are filtering through their dreams. Most of all they are beginning to see even dimly that the whole welter of extremists are willingly in the German interest, and that if the thing keeps on, Russia will be a geographical nuisance.

They are beginning to see that they have clothed American tramps in purple and fine linen, and a sense of disgust that the sacred phenomena of revolution should merely be a meal ticket for Occidental hoboes, for such creatures as Lenin and Trotsky, is souring their reveries. They are beginning to see—so Marcossow thinks—that order, which means food and safety and some happiness, is not a gift of the gods at all, but something which must be created and endured by men. The Tzarist—comrades—are coming to see, Marcossow believes, that a price must be paid for freedom, and may come to see that the gods will accept inferior coinage—even the lines of that pestiferous brood which preaches the millennium with a German accent.

Hope in Three Ks.
K is greatly forward in this most terrible of convulsions. England mourns one. Russia's integrity hangs upon two or perhaps three—Kerensky, Korniloff and Kaledin. It is Mr. Marcossow's sober judgment that events are shaping an alliance between Russia's greatest civilian, Kerensky, and Russia's greatest soldier, Korniloff; with Kaledin the Cossack bulwarking both. Napoleon's fascinating epigram may eventuate in this: Russia republican by Cossack devotion.

Marcossow holds that Kerensky has been taught his lesson, which is that hot air will not break the bones of the wicked. He will not have it that there

is weakness in this man. He insists that Kerensky is as great, or greater, than Lloyd George, and throughout his book, "The Rebirth of Russia," Marcossow parallels these striking characters.

He does say that Kerensky, like Lloyd George, has made his mistakes; has dreamed of building a nation out of children's blocks; and has now seen that it cannot be done. He insists that the man's idealism and compassion have been tried to the limit of patience, and that Kerensky, with the invaluable aid of Korniloff, will save Russia by severity.

Marcossow does not underestimate the capacity for evil of the German agents Lenin and Trotsky, but he believes that real Russia, properly dominated by pure and patriotic leaders will cast off the vermin.

"After all," said Marcossow, "a revolution is a purgative."
Painting the story of new Russia, Marcossow paced up and down the floor of his apartment at the Hotel Arlington, where the walls were covered with souvenirs of his experiences on five war fronts. He was plainly thrilled with the wonder of his experience among the people newly out of slavery. Contemporary miracles are sometimes difficult to estimate properly. It is easier to appreciate great facts of the past.

Close your eyes and fancy yourself in the gardens of the Tuileries in the year '93, the air shaken by the savage clashing of the "Marseillaise," the cobblestones clattering to the passage of tumbrils freighted with the prisoners of the people; Marcossow had something of that marvelous illusion as he walked the streets of Petrograd and elbowed among the newly delivered—great, hulking humans just drunk with happiness, their heads working double tides, their heads on vacation. But let Marcossow do the talking:

Kerensky a Great Leader.
"The revolution produced a democracy, but it also gave the world that rarest of human institutions—a great leader. Only a few days before the shot was fired that exploded into atoms the old Russian system Alexander Kerensky was scarcely known outside the circles of the Labor party in Petrograd. When the row was over his name was on every tongue and before a month had passed he was part of Russia's prayers. This man's achievement makes him the one distinct and outstanding personality of the whole crowded epoch."

Russia's Handy Man.
"Despite his reputation for more or less irresponsible declamation, he showed real strength of character, and when this quality was put to the test at the supreme crisis of his life it was revealed as pure gold. His attitude in the Fourth Duma, to which he was elected by the Government of Saratov, heightened the impression that perhaps after all this young, broad-shouldered orator who had a speech for every occasion was something of a man after all."

"Although he was a member of the Duma, his real interest and association—born of every bond of birth and conviction—was with the exiles. When revolution broke he found himself in a curiously anomalous situation. The conservatism of the Duma claimed his loyalty, while on the other hand the fierce and unrestrained radicalism of the Socialists and their allies in the Council of Workmen and Soldiers' Deputies appealed to his fervor and imagination."

"Never was a man so beset. He might have allied himself with the Reds, become their flaming leader and gone straight to the presidency of the rampant republic they were proclaiming. It was then that Kerensky cast in



KERENSKY IN FRONT OF HIS GUARD REVIEWING TROOPS LOYAL TO HIS GOVERNMENT.

his lot with reason, and with that great decision—it was merely part of his destiny—he became Russia's handy man. With his colleague Tschelidze he formed the link between radicals and Duma during the days when discussion and discord threatened the very life of the new freedom. He dominated every situation, faced all the crises that came so thick and fast; and he did it all largely by what we should call "hot air." When he rose, combined with his wonderful personality, held Russia together when the pieces strained to fly apart.

"How Kerensky survived those weeks is a miracle. To-day he is as near death as a man can be and live with such energy as he lives. He told me with a smile only a few weeks ago that he had one lung and one kidney. His none too robust constitution was subjected to a well nigh incredible strain. Day and night he was in almost continuous conference, pleading, debating, arguing. When he rose to speak in the public assemblies he was the target of bitter verbal attack. When he went forth into the streets his life was in almost constant danger. He lived on his nerves and his indomitable will kept him going."

Resembles Lloyd George.
"By what process did he achieve this compelling triumph over all obstacles? In the answer is his first kinship with Lloyd George. It lies in an oratory that is perhaps his greatest gift. Like the wizard Welshman who has stood so often in Britain's breach, he speaks with an emotion that becomes a sweeping flood of passion. He lacks the Kerensky's brilliancy of imagery and he has none of the poetry and vision which are the birthright of the

great Welshman; but he has a personal appeal which is well nigh irresistible. It is convincing because it is sincere."
"Linked with this sincerity is an iron courage. In the whole period of the Russian upheaval, while Petrograd swung from one extreme to another, he risked everything for his convictions. He bearded his detractors whatever the cost. When his old colleagues now enthroned in the Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Deputies accused him of disloyalty, he went straight to their midst and defended himself. With that fine sense of the dramatic which he shares with Lloyd George, he suddenly appeared in the Assembly Chamber. His coming had been unheralded and unannounced."

Swift in Action.
"As he entered the room his name had just been uttered with derision and almost contempt by one of his Socialist critics. He strode swiftly down the aisle and faced the crowd. Instantly there was silence. Kerensky's pallid face was whiter than usual. His eyes flashed fire. He looked about him for a moment and then began what in many respects was one of his greatest speeches."

"And then," said Marcossow, "there was a demonstration that couldn't be excelled. It was a superb ovation which swept the speaker off his feet."
"For a long time thereafter Kerensky's leadership was followed implicitly. Eventually German agents, led by the unspeakable Lenin and Trotsky, worked upon the prejudices and suspicions of the good hearted but very ignorant people. That, in a

word, caused the Maximalist revolt, the flight of Kerensky, his new understanding of the purpose and value of Gen. Korniloff and his return to the capital."

"The man has Lloyd George's genius of being able to sound out the populace and find out what it wants. His every speech is a direct, personal appeal to every individual in his audience. It is one of the master elements in the formula of successful popular oratory."

"Shortly after he became Minister of War he supplied one of the many dramatic illuminations of his character. The whole country was simply quivering with curiosity as to his policy. He lost no time in publishing his creed. A congress of peasants had just convened in Petrograd. He went before them and with all of the fire and passion at his command addressed them:

"Soldiers, Sailors and Officers: I call upon you to make a last heroic effort. I am your servant. Help me to show the world that the Russian army is not a demoralized temple, but that it is strong and formidable, capable of making itself respected and of defending the free republic of democratic Russia."

"It may appear strange that I, as a civilian, have undertaken the heavy task of restoring discipline in the army, but I have accepted it because I understand that this discipline is based on honor, duty and reciprocal respect. I have never known what this discipline is, but nevertheless I propose to introduce an iron discipline into the army, and I am sure that I shall succeed. This discipline is necessary not only at the front but also in the interior of the country in order to bring the liberty which has been conquered into the Constituent Assembly."

"Thus Kerensky went his way placing the unruly, harmonizing the discordant—a tower of strength to the new order. It was his overwhelming appeal that threw the Socialists in line with the Provisional Government and made the first Coalition Cabinet possible. His vivid personality was all that held the troops even temporarily in a stand against the German enemy."

"In similar abrupt fashion he made descent one day upon a sewing circle composed of fashionable women doing Red Cross work. Almost before they had time to wonder who or what he might be he said:

"I am Kerensky the Red. Don't be alarmed. I won't bite you. I merely came here to tell you that radicals are not as red as we are painted. When you go home you can tell your family and friends that the new Government seeks no man's life. All it wants is intelligent cooperation from everybody."

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Lenine and Trotzky, Playing Into Germany's Hands, Fast Being Distrusted by Patriotic People

"I am shortly going to the front. Allow me, therefore, to say in the trenches that the Russian peasants wish to have the land which belongs to them, and that no force shall take it from them, but also allow me to say that the peasants demand that in order to achieve this object every one shall do his duty in a spirit of self-sacrifice."

Kerensky the Man.
"I met Kerensky under circumstances that had been staged for the occasion, could not more fittingly present the character of the man and the immense part he was playing in the drama of Russian liberty. He had hardly acclimated himself to the ministerial atmosphere when I called on him at his office in the Ministry of Justice. The appointment was for 10 o'clock in the morning, and I had arrived there a few minutes before that time."

"The crowd in the anteroom indicated that I was at a tribute of the people, because I entered a hall filled nearly all the available space represented the democracy of the hour. Generals emblazoned with orders rubbed shoulders with unwashed privates. You saw merchant and washerwoman, priest and atheist, uplifter and radical—all part of the procession that had come to the cabinet of a father confessor."

"Sharply at 10 o'clock the door opened, a pale face peered out, a man bowed, smiled and then withdrew. Kerensky was sizing up his audience. An attendant then appeared and escorted ten private soldiers into the inner chamber. After an interval of ten minutes they emerged and went their way."

"My time had arrived. I found myself in a small, bare room. There was not a picture on the walls. But the place was vibrant with a definite presence. That presence was incarnated in the spare, almost ascetic figure of a man who sat at a plain table topped desk fingering some papers. It was Kerensky at last. As I appeared he rose and came forward with his hand outstretched, saying:

"I am very sorry to have kept you waiting, but I had to see a delegation of soldiers from the front. They came to see me straight from the trenches and they wanted to tell me their troubles immediately. I hope you didn't mind."

"It was done with genuine charm and with a witfulness, too, that was captivating. I saw at once how and why Kerensky had succeeded with his fellow men. He was very human. He sat down and talked in a steady stream for an hour."

"Only Roosevelt surpasses him in ceaseless flow of speech. He talks as he has lived—earnestly, compassionately, completely. Every effort he makes is a sap at his vitality. He fairly drains the wellsprings of his life."

"But more impressive than his speech is the figure of the man. His face is white almost to ghostliness. His cheeks are gaunt. His eyes are deep, black, lustrous. He looks like one who has suffered and struggled and borne the great burdens. He incarnates the stuff of which martyrs are made."

Master of Russia's Fate.
"We talked of many things—of war, peace, democracy—the whole chaos into which the world seemed plunged. He displayed an amazing knowledge of affairs, and I was not surprised to find that his two admirations were Lloyd George and Lincoln. Consciously he had made the lives of these two great leaders the models for his own. Unconsciously he has become, so far as his public career is concerned, the type of the first. Who knows but what he may share with the great American Emancipator the glory of martyrdom?"

"No man who has watched Russia in the perilous days of her transition can question the fact that much of the fate of the Russian Revolution hangs in the balance of Kerensky's hand. Up to him was placed squarely the task of instilling into millions of simple, honest, illiterate and childlike people the message of democracy. No other man in the country could attempt it with any hope of success. What he can do remains to be seen."

"But one thing is certain: so long as Kerensky lives so long will reason rule. The man who was the cement of the revolution will remain the rock of reconstruction."

Mr. Marcossow after close study at-

tributes the present civil war to the vicious German propaganda conducted by Nikolai Lenin and Leon Trotsky. These cunning men in the pay of Germany have completely deceived thousands of credulous Russians.

Lenine, denounced by moderate liberals the world over as the evil genius of the Russian revolution, and accused by Gen. Brusiloff as a paid German agent, has been from the first Kerensky's stumbling block in the path of national solidarity and reasonableness. Like most of the prominent Russian agitators Lenin had to employ an alias. His real name is Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov, and he was born about 1870 at Simbirsk on the Volga.

Trotsky, the Maximalist leader, is really named Leber Braunstein, and was born in a town of the Government of Kherson on the Black Sea. He became an extreme Socialist, and with the gift of forceful oratory won prominence among revolutionary leaders before the end of the nineteenth century. These two men have succeeded in arraying against Kerensky and the moderates all of the loose elements of discontent, disloyalty and ignorance. But Marcossow insists that Kerensky will beat them in the end—beat them and save Russia.

Trotsky Near Arrest Here.
Braunstein-Trotsky went from a four room flat in The Bronx and a \$12 a week job with an East Side newspaper to the presidency of the executive committee of the Bolsheviks. He had been in this city from early in January until the latter part of March, taking refuge here after Russia, Switzerland, France and Spain had showed him the door.

This burly, black bearded, fierce eyed extremist is around 49 years of age, and has been a posthumous disturber since he first achieved notoriety toward the close of the nineteenth century. The Czar's Government exiled him to Siberia on two occasions, but he found means of evading punishment and of returning to Petrograd.

When he was last expelled, he went to Berlin and conducted a revolutionist paper there. Then he went to Zurich, Switzerland, travelled on to Paris from which he was elected at the complaint of the Russian Ambassador to France, sought refuge in Spain, where the authorities quickly ordered him to leave. He went to Havana and then came to this city, where he supplied articles to the Russian paper *Novi Mir* and the *Jewish Daily Forward*. On March 27 he sailed from New York for the alleged purpose of disposing of Kerensky.

While he was here he narrowly escaped arrest because of his propaganda against America's entrance into the war. Trotsky advocated a general strike as an effective means of protest. Although accused of being a German spy, Trotsky maintained that he was innocent, and that his whole purpose was to make war against the capitalist class.

He lived poorly while here and was so straitened for funds when the British detained him briefly at Halifax that he had to go to his New York friends for \$75. His home in The Bronx was a small flat in Vyse avenue, where he lived with his wife, a Russian Gentle, and their two children.

Lenine, denounced by Mr. Marcossow as the most evil of pro-German conspirators, was a Russian Jew, and as the leader of anti-American sentiment in Petrograd, was born in Russia fifty years ago of aristocratic parentage. Long before the war began he was recognized as a student of economics.

He was expelled by the Czar shortly after the war began. He went to England and then to Switzerland, but returned to Petrograd in April. He began at once an energetic campaign in favor of Germany, and although he was hunted at times like a wild animal, he always found protectors.

The Provisional Government knew that he was working directly against the interests of free Russia, but they were afraid of martyring him, and avoided taking the final measures that would have ended his evil influence. Evidence was obtained which clearly proved his connection with German propaganda, but still the Kerensky Government refrained from stern measures.

His views, in addition to their German coloring, are about the same as those held by the most violent I. W. W. leaders in this country.

TWO INTERESTING ANGLES OF TRADE DEVELOPED BY WAR

THE Government's ban on the sale of drinks to soldiers in uniform has made a lot of extra work for men in our business," said the head clerk of one of the big hotels in the retail shopping district. "Why? Because we're so anxious to do our duty that we refuse to sell to soldiers even if they aren't in uniform, provided we know they're soldiers. To live up to the order as scrupulously as we aim to do involves extra book-keeping, disputes with the men who want to buy and, rarely, the threat on our part to notify the police or the Government authorities if the soldiers are overly insistent."

"Of course the number of military men who try to get drinks, now that the ban has been issued, is small, but that wouldn't justify us in being careless. The other night two officers came in, registered and went to their rooms immediately. In about ten minutes they rang and ordered drinks."

"Sorry, sir, but I can't serve you, sir," said the boy.

"Why not?" demanded one of the officers.

"My orders, sir," explained the boy. "Well, that's an outrage!" stormed the military man. "I'll just see whether a guest of this hotel can be refused accommodations, and he took up the phone and called the barroom."

"Sorry, sir, but I'm ordered not to send anything to your room, sir," said the bartender, echoing the bellhop.

"I doubt whether the officers know to this day just what had happened, but the incident illustrates the close checking up system we have instituted. When these men went to their room they hung their uniforms in the closet and when the bellhop came in answer to their ring they were camouflaged in their dressing gowns. They suspected of course that the boy had orders not to serve men in uniform but they didn't know that every attendant of the hotel keeps tab on a soldier from the minute he enters the house."

The clerk turned back the pages of the register and pointed to the letter S written on each of several lines on which were signatures.

"You see," he explained, "whenever a soldier registers we make a note of it. Then the minute he is assigned to a room we notify both the upstairs floor clerks and the bar. They may hide their uniforms or do what-

ever else they please, but they can't get drinks in this house."

"Sometimes," he added, "when their orders are refused they threaten to call the manager, but they never do it. We're all working under the manager's direction and they know it. Of course if they insisted on making trouble we'd notify the authorities. We so informed one party and they subsided immediately."

"When they see it's no use to keep on urging and threatening the soldiers are glad enough to close the incident. It wouldn't be to their advantage to let the matter get out."

THE entry of the United States into the great war has caused a decided change in the clothing business," remarked a salesman in the clothing department of a large Broadway concern which caters exclusively to men.

"Some people seem to think that we are suffering monetary losses because of the fact that so many young men have gone away either voluntarily or through the draft, but we aren't. In fact, the clothing business has been surprisingly good, but in certain lines."

"For instance, we are selling more khaki than ever before. Before the

war the sale of the dust colored material was insignificant, but now it is one of our chief sources of income."

"There has been a decided falling off in some lines, principally in young men's suits. That line has been affected most of all, because so many young men are in the service of their country. Just now they have no need for new suits of the latest cuts unless they are of the military pattern. This loss, however, has been somewhat made up by the large demand made for suits by middle aged men and old men."

"Young men who were good customers of ours in peace times, particularly in the purchase of new suits, still favor us with their trade. But they must have khaki. Our reputation now stands us in good stead; those who used to buy suits from us assume that we will give them just as good value in khaki as we formerly did in suits."

"There are indications that the demand for khaki will continue for some time. In the training camps it will be put to hard usage, making it necessary for the wearers to replenish their wardrobes from time to time, and this replenishment will help to keep the clothing business as remunerative as it was formerly."